

need food yielding 375 calories from its protein and 3,000 calories in all.

Now there's a husband on our street that I'm just dying to test out by calories. He weighs 240 pounds and he never does any kind of work, light, hard or severe. If 18 calories per pound would do him for light work I suppose 15 ought to be enough for doing nothing. So that man just to do nothing at all needs 15 calories x 240. Just to think of it. The world has only so many calories in it and that man, doing nothing at all except to eat, consumes every day 3,560 calories! It's positively outrageous. I declare I think it's about time we formed a Calorie Club to see that nobody consumes any more calories than he is entitled to.

With these rambling remarks, dear Food Controller, I have time for merely a passing reference to those interesting little things you tell us that some of our foods contain—Vitamines.

These positively thrill me. I've often wondered what it was made me feel so—what one calls peppery nowadays. It's vitamines. I know it is. I think they're fine. Any friends of mine that don't seem to have any sparkling energy, I know what they need is, more vitamines.

On September

By N. M. J.

IT seems a strange oversight that the best months of the year, June and September, are thirty-day months. What a pity we cannot whittle a day or so off January or March where the time is a drug in the market now, and tack it to these deserving months, September especially. June is the month of brides, and good weather is simply wasted on them. The sky is always bright in the Garden of Eden, you know, no matter how grey it may be outside the gate. But September comes in on its merits, and I leave it to anybody in the neighbourhood of the Niagara Peninsula, if there is a time or a sea-

son to equal it!

It is a joyful time for the housewife—on the farm anyway. Unexpected company causes her no palpitation of the provision shelf. This year, to be sure, we are shy the harmless necessary apple, but there are so many other things! Cucumbers and beets, carrots and sometimes watermelons—corn, tomatoes and the other mouth-watering delights of this season. Moreover the gay young chicken is just at the stage when he fries most excellently; and if any one has invented a more toothsome morsel than fried chicken—he should be ashamed of himself.

The fierce rush of the summer's work is over, and most of us are well satisfied with the result. We sow our wheat with thankful hearts feeling that we have actually done something that counts in the world crisis. Our hands have gathered in a great harvest, and for the sake of dear absent ones we are glad. Threshing day looms upon the horizon, but in September it is not so bad. These August threshings are the heart-breakers, for it is usually very warm weather then; flies are persistently aggravating, and the big baking fire is nothing short of a nightmare. When the great day comes a little later, however, we are past the fierce harvest rush, and the cool nights are upon us. Then in the clear quiet of early morning you may hear the far shrill whistle of the various machines, and picture the activity they represent. Think of the hundreds and thousands of bushels of grain they are piling up day after day as they follow their cumbrous course about the countryside. Think, too, of the many seed-drills clashing across brown acres of summer fallow, scattering the plump new-threshed wheat upon the warm soil. Dragon's teeth these, to bring forth the silent host of fighters whose might will win the war.

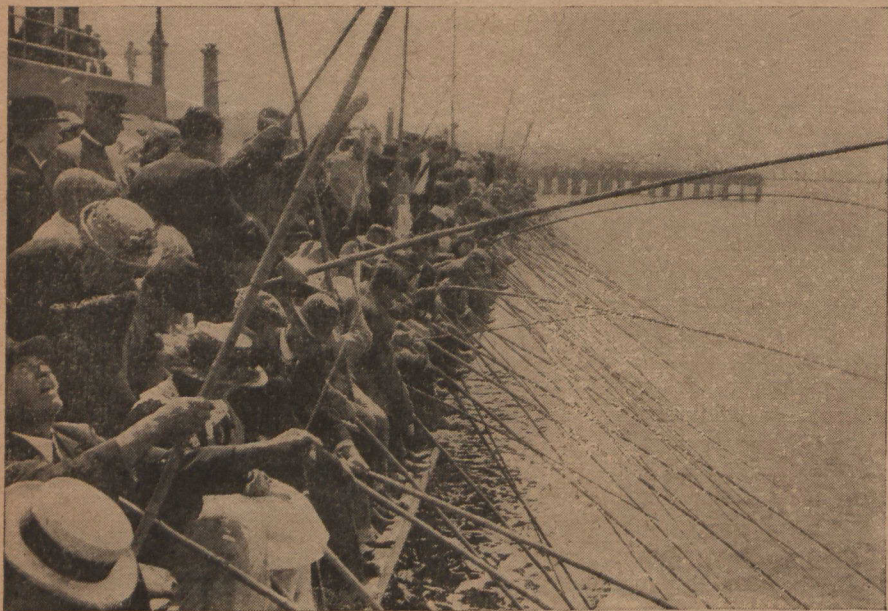
The animals know that the strenuous time has passed, and they relax in dignity a little. The cows halt in the middle of a step to gaze meditatively about the landscape in the sedate manner characteristic of cows. When untied after milking at night they hesitate to convey gently the fact that they

had intended to stay the night; but when rudely thrust forth they show no malice, moving away slowly to the tune of "Half a leg—half a leg—half a leg, onward!"

If the hens never were "contrary" at any other time they show all signs of it now. No matter how inviting the nests may be in the hen house the silly creatures search out some hole in the fence or soft spot under a bunch of mullins, and there lay one egg and proceed to sit on it with might and main. All at once all my hens are valiantly setting—such is the ruinous force of example. Now, why is this? In the spring, the natural setting time for well-mannered birds, they heedlessly left their eggs, and launched out into party politics, speaking on the floor of the house or the roof of the house when they could manage to get there. All summer they wrangled about free wheat and the high cost of living—damaging their reputations beyond repair. Now that they see winter coming, and have nothing to show for the summer's heckling and clacking, dread presentiment seizes them and they become so desperate that they will even take possession of a few straws in a manger and do their best to raise something out of them. One old Biddy achieved the unexpected and stepped proudly forth the other day with thirteen youngsters—as brazen as a cork screw at a wake! But thirteen is an unlucky number, as some of them may discover when they wake up on Christmas Day to find themselves garnishing the roast goose—or travelling across the Atlantic to comfort a homesick boy "Somewhere in Somewhere."

There is little said about fall housecleaning this year. Most of us have been so busy out doors that we have hardly used our houses enough to warrant a very vigorous upheaval. This out-door work that has given us blisters and aches of all descriptions will be a genuine blessing if it teaches us the utter folly of being over-fastidious about our houses. Life is too short, and there is too much to do for us to spend hours embroidering sofa cushions and luncheon sets.

ILLUSTRATED CHAPTERETTES ON FOOD



FISHING and threshing have but one thing in common—the food element. This photograph of fishermen, taken at Redondo Beach, Cal., is not a sporting picture, but a food raid on the Pacific. We read that the 10,000 anglers who hooked 100,000 mackerel in one day were at it from dawn until dusk and on into the night. The three piers at the beach were packed with food-getters. Some of the 10,000 came the night before, as the Ontario farmers used to do to market to get the stall next the main street. They fetched cots and sleeping bags, and went at it as soon as dawn crept over the hills of the sea. No man was allowed to catch more than 40 fish. Most of them used a line with four hooks. The 100,000 mackerel in a day set a record for fishing on the Pacific. It was a visiting day for the mackerel, who came up to the front with true patriotic zeal. They understood the country's need and there were no slackers among these mackerel. There never was anything whose front name was Mack wanting at the post of duty? In a single day 100,000 patriotic mackerel rallied to the hooks and went over the parapet of the wharf. And that day's patriotic fishing is said to have given Pacific Coasters a new interest in life. If a man can't raise wheat or fight, let him fish for his country. Fishing may not be heroic, or even always exciting. But the business of catching patriotic mackerel is itself an adventure. If the land part of the earth is determined to commit economic suicide, the sea must come to the rescue. And the patriotic mackerel are the Pacific Coast's answer to the Germans.



NOW the thresher-man rises to the occasion. This year he is talking of \$20 a day for the use of his separator, his tractor engine, himself and his two men. Thirty years ago, when steam threshers first became popular, the price per day was \$15. The price last year was \$16. One dollar advance in 30 years is nothing to worry the farmer about. But we are reminded of a difference which represents the spirit of this age as compared to that of 1887. A day's work with a threshing machine now begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m., with one hour off for dinner. The threshing day is ten hours. In the old days the belt began to flop at 7 a.m. and continued on until 5 p.m., with one hour off at noon. At 5.30 p.m. it began again and from that until dark the machine went. Were threshing gangs more fond of work in 1887? Probably. Threshing day was a great sensation. There was no other machine within ten miles radius. That machine kept running until away on in snow-time, when the engine was hitched up to the clover mill or the bean-mill. Now, with more grain to thresh, there are more machines to do it, and the threshing day has become factoryized to a ten-hour limit. Long enough for such a job. Even yet, if you have ever been at a threshing bee, you can smell that dust, eating it, drinking it, breathing it; dust in your hair, your eyes, your mouth, dry as a bone, hot as a stoker, hungry as a wolf. And that is the same in 1917 as it was in 1887. Upon the threshing-machines of Canada depends, as never yet, the fortunes of Canadians at home and abroad.